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Goddess of Love, most merciful, and most compassionate—

CHORUS.

—charmed by the beauty of the moon, I rang the bell—

WOMAN.

—how joyful it was not the bell to tell the parting time! It was the meeting bell. What a joyous sound is the bell's! What a joyous bell of meeting!

THE END.

YONÉ NOGUCHI.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF GENIUS.

IN the days when genius was the sole discoverer of new facts, prior to the co-operative movement so much in vogue to-day, the value of original thought and investigation carried with it a unique mark of distinction. To-day it is perhaps otherwise, in so far as many add to our knowledge and produce 'original work' without, strange to say, being in the least original. Indeed the word originality has somehow changed its meaning. Many things which are original, if not altogether new, are not deemed original; whilst all things new even when derived by more or less mechanical methods—such as the production of a new organic compound in a German laboratory—are deemed original, although originality, as a creative faculty of thought, is perhaps the last quality to which the discoverer thereof might with justice lay claim.

At the time of Newton, when scientific investigations were as scarce as diamonds in the Sahara, a few zealous students of nature were astute enough to perceive that, if the methods he used could be employed more generally, great achievements were in store for mankind. And in truth the spirit of co-operation, which resulted in the formation of the Royal Society, brought forth a new life and a scientific outlook upon the world that culminated in the splendour of the works of Laplace and Kelvin on the one hand and of Darwin and J. J. Thomson on the other, coupled with the large and lofty teaching of Huxley.

To-day this spirit and these methods have increased

many times the number, if not the quality, of the workers. Where there was one there is now a score of 'men of genius' recognised as such, though the genius is not necessarily of the same order or magnitude in all cases; while the numbers who believe themselves to be such may be legion. But this perhaps is more applicable to literature than to science.

It is not unbecoming then that a study of originality should occupy the attention of psychologists; and there are few in this country better qualified for the task than Mr. T. Sharper Knowlson who, in his work on the subject,¹ puts forward his ideas with admirable lucidity and force, the result of wide knowledge and experience and many years of mature reflection and educational work.

We should however endeavour to avoid any misapprehension of the author's purpose. The book is not, as one might be tempted to suppose at first glance, a guide to originality or the cultivation of genius, but a plain straightforward analysis of its nature and the causes through which it may arise. In this respect he has succeeded in presenting much material of an interesting and useful nature to the student of psychology; moreover his manner of presenting it is excellent, for there is not a dull page in a large volume which might otherwise have proved at once heavy, boring and obscure.

Mr. Knowlson is nothing if not fearless, a characteristic which adds further to the value of his work. His criticisms are not the superficial sallies of an ignorant and carping faddist, but the studied and piercing strokes of the practised gladiator in the arena of

¹ *Originality*, by T. Sharper Knowlson (Thomas Sharnol). T. Werner Laurie, 15s. net.

controversy. His object, we repeat, is not so much to evolve genius as to study its nature and the manner in which it has been evolved; and in this field he has succeeded in giving an intelligible theory of its origin, its modes of operation and the many amenities with which in its curious idiosyncrasies it may be associated. It marks a distinct advance on prior attempts, and is at once practical and theoretical, analytical and synthetic. But what is aimed at, apart from the discussions, is above all stimulus to the enquiring mind. In this there can be no doubt that Mr. Knowlson has been successful, though to describe it as a practical guide to efficiency, as has been done by one critic, is a misunderstanding of the author's purpose.

The newness, and consequently the originality, to use one of Mr. Knowlson's numerous well-framed phrases, "is due to the difference between our knowledge as it previously existed and the metamorphosis to which it has been subjected."

Genius is primarily a matter of *range of consciousness*, in amplitude of comprehension, in depth of feeling and in loftiness of ideal contemplation, as well as in the stretch of forethought or insight into reality, and possesses that speed and accuracy of perception and directive force towards the ideas to be realised which enable it to accomplish what the more constrained or circumscribed consciousness is unable to handle,—this higher consciousness "includes, at every moment, all that we mean by feeling, thought and will." Genius is then the imaginative reason or intellectual vision, the *theōria* of the Platonic Schools, the process of *intuition* in a highly developed form to which Bergson in *Creative Evolution* has drawn the attention of a wide and intelligent public. It is "that intellectual insight

or vision which is immediate," as Mr. Lindsay puts it, and which was the essence of Plato's idea of 'knowing' and to some extent the essence of Newman's 'illative sense.'

The study of this 'sense,' not 'faculty,' has hardly received the attention it demands from psychologists. Sir Leslie Stephen, it is true, would have it that "the illative sense undoubtedly corresponds to a real faculty or combination of faculties." But Mr. Knowlson objects to the use of the term 'faculty.' Sir Leslie Stephen's definition, which is perhaps the best so far given, is that "the illative sense is that by which the mind draws remote inferences without a conscious syllogistic process" (*An Agnostic's Apology*). This differs little from Newman's own definition, in the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, namely: "that culmination of probabilities, independent of each other, arising out of the nature and circumstances of the particular case which is under review; probabilities too fine to avail separately, too subtle and circuitous to be convertible into syllogisms." The illative sense however is no fiction of Newman's imagination, for in the ordinary method of reasoning we do not draw inferences by any conscious syllogistic process.

The illative sense thus does not appear to be a purely intellectual 'faculty,' and in this Mr. Knowlson is no doubt right; for it is to some extent influenced by feeling or will. To a pragmatist this need not detract from its value as an estimate of truth; to the man of science its value depends upon its accuracy in 'hitting the bull's eye,' if its effects can be ascertained empirically or its conclusions verified by strict logical analysis. "Our decisions respecting truth," says Mr. Knowlson, "come from a blend of instinct, feeling, thought and experience (or memory) operating by

means of the illative sense." In the earlier chapters the theory of the illative sense in the higher manifestations of genius is ably worked out in its relation to the conscious and sub-conscious self, and the later chapters contain many interesting applications of the principles laid down. The subject is of course one upon which a variety of opinions exists, and a critic cannot afford to be dogmatic without ceasing to be a critic. To have the sense of appreciation is the first essential qualification, and we have no desire to be devoid of a quality so characteristic of the author of this work.

Mr. Knowlson's patience is however sorely tried, and the reader will be able to judge for himself whether rightly or wrongly, at the mechanical methods employed by Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Oscar Wilde in their efforts towards the higher phases of true genius. The tendency which he detects in their style and methods has convinced him that the supposed originality of these writers arises from a mere 'trick' in inverting and distorting sentences, and that there is nothing really clever in their sayings after all. Needless to remark, this view is now held by many. When Wilde says "I can believe anything provided it is incredible" or that "divorces are made in heaven," we can sympathize with Mr. Knowlson's indignation at such execrable nonsense. But whether literary style is not itself the result of a certain sense of rhythm in the individual, which can easily be imitated, as in the *Book of Artemas*—whoever the gifted author of that book may be—is not beside the point. Given this sense, a fair imagination and an overwhelming amount of energy, the number of literary geniuses might be increased a hundredfold. The difficulty, or should we say the blessing, is that these qualities are not often combined.

The illative sense on the other hand is only one of the intuitive processes at work. In the highest types of genius the moral, æsthetic and intellectual functions are in action simultaneously. In Wilde, and on his own admission, the moral sense was obviously wanting. In Shaw perhaps it is the deeper intellectualism; in Chesterton it is no doubt the finer æstheticism. Still these are cruel criticisms of men who may be admitted to be geniuses in their own way without being supermen.

We must leave it to Mr. Knowlson to thrash this matter out with Mr. Shaw and Mr. Chesterton, much as they will no doubt differ from him. But Mr. Knowlson is a serious person and we take it that their flippancy is what excludes them in his estimation from the higher species of original men, since sincerity is in itself the very soul of genius, and that is what they least inspire. Acrobats may not be the best of fighting men, nor in any sense philosophers, psychologists or even thinking men, but they are artists all the same and Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Shaw are wits as well as artists. This I think cannot be disputed. But their *range of consciousness*, meaning thereby their amplitude and reach of comprehension and intuition, the penetrating power of their illative sense, may be circumscribed and hindered by limitations which the deep thinker and earnest student of human nature cannot but find irritating. In this Mr. Knowlson definitely takes his stand on solid ground, firmer and safer than the quagmires of humorous artificiality. His ideas are well worthy of the serious consideration of all earnest students of psychology.

JOHN BUTLER BURKE.

THE DEVIL'S CATHEDRAL.

AND I found myself in a vast cathedral not built by human hands. A grey light, the colour of the dead, partly lit this unholy place. The broad and endless nave contained tier upon tier, ay gallery above gallery, of countless, grey-robed beings kneeling upon each tier and filling each gallery.

And above and around these silent worshippers were more and more worshippers, pressed close together.

But I saw no roof, only motionless forms packed one against the other, male and female, young and old. And because of the foul air which I breathed I knew that at some abysmal height this cathedral was enclosed from human things.

And the smell within the cathedral was like unto the stench of musty wood rotting in slime; and with this odour mixed the nauseous scent of goats.

And I was a spirit among spirits.

Down beneath me towered a colossal altar black and awful. And before the shrine, within the chancel, knelt seven stags, having human faces and black crowns upon their heads.

And the seven stags prayed before the host ; and at each genuflexion the congregation bent their heads in silence.

And I knew that they would continue so to do forever and forever.

Then I, who was invisible, touched a grey being upon the shoulder ; and when the silent one turned, I saw the countenance of a woman most beautiful, but unutterably sad. For I, an unseen spirit, beheld a lost soul, whose sins shall never be forgiven ; and who must worship the devil, in his cathedral, forever and ever.

Amen.

So I knew that this was hell. Then became I filled with nameless fear ; and I felt the coldness of the eternal silence.

And my heart was full of compassion for the damned. But my prayers were choked by the stench of the goat.

Then terror took hold of my spirit ; and I turned and fled through the unending corridors. And multitudes of the unclean pursued me.

And, at the last, I came to a massive door chained and barred, and seven times locked ; and beside the door stood a hideous naked thing, ten feet in stature, and with a head one yard in length, broad at the brow and narrow at the chin. Its minute, pointed ears were set high upon its bald head, and

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its small eyes rolled and leered ; and it also stank of the goat.

Now the priests of hell were upon me. And I tried to pray ; but no prayer came. Then did bottomless horror seize hold of me.

And I knew the meaning of hell.

Then power was given unto me to make upon my body the sign of the cross. And behold ! of a sudden, at my left hand, shone a blinding glory, in man's shape and of about my own height. And the light was too holy to look upon.

Then did the keeper of the door sink back, and the door opened of itself.

And I was free.

And the shining one was no more with me. But through the grille in the door peered the priests of the cathedral. Then, trembling, I fell upon my knees and worshipped God.

Note—This is the true account of a dream which I myself have recently experienced. To me it is more real than reality. I know I was there, and I can never forget the horror and the silence of that place.

WOODHOUSE LANE, M.A.

THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

NAY, 't is not he—
This lilyed thing that gives the lie
To all his memory.
He never could have looked so ill ;
He never could have lain so still.
A wistful smile, a tiny sigh,
Were all the children of his pain ;
All else was slain,
Ere it could stain
The valour of his frownless will.
However ill,
He never could have lain so still.

Ah ! God, what if this cold pretence
Should waken,
And the warm life flow
Into this nerveless, slow
Repose, unshaken
In its blank unutterance ;
And all that is not he
Should from its stiff unfeeling
Soften into sense !
Can memory
Of all he was—his splendouring habitude—
Span this pale gloom,
This wax ingratitude,
And rest on magic dealing
Satisfied ?—It is not he.

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This laden room
 Of battling fragrances,
 This oriental bath of painted air,
 Had stifled him.—Is death so rare
 That dazzled men should cull the fair
 Rose of the world and lay it there
 In pale corruption's womb ?
 Is this thy grief,
 O loveless thief,
 To weep in dew of flowers
 And crush the perfume of the world
 Into a space of hours ?
 Weep thine own eyes and hide not curled
 The petals of thy woe !
 Or is thine anguish sad and tasteless
 In a mourning that is wasteless ?
 'T is not he.—
 He never would have killed a flower,
 Even to deck a bridal bower.

But ' rose's breath
 To sweeten death ' !

Ah ! no, he never would have sweetened so
 The bitterest flavour of the tomb.

Nay, though the flowered silences
 Gave lying voice to me,
 And clamoured thundrous at my ear,
 I would not hear :
 'T were but a cunning sorcery !
 There's nought in life
 Of storm or strife
 Could ever make him look so ill.

Ah ! God, my word becomes a plea :
 It is not he ?—

THE QUEST

Unless—but even though he die,
He could not be
Like this mute thing, this lilyed lie.
Nay, 't is not he.—
These drooping flowers,
These breathless hours,
That fade and never pass,
May soothe this dead; but as for him!—
O God of motion, is't thy will
That death should lie so still?
O merciful, is there no other way?
No clear soft vanishing like a dying day,
Passing in gold?
Here's not a star-gleam of the spirit fled
To lighten the dark dead.

It is not he—
This piteous cold
And withered old;
'T is nothing but a waxen lie!

GORDON LEA.

THE LARK.

DAILY doth the lark arise ;
Up from earth he cleaves the skies.
Now his song, high heavenward borne,
Ushers in the April dawn.
Warbling melody so fine,
What a favoured place is thine,
Up above the glade to sing,
Modest bird with sombre wing !
Yet with office high to teach ;
Faith the subject he doth preach.
All his notes to heaven arise,
Welling high as high he flies.
Little bird, a message bear ;
With authority declare,
That the moon send on thy wing
Greetings thou alone canst bring,
Shining moon with gracious face
Slowly fading from her place.
Up through starry camps thy flight
Takes thee such a dazzling height,
Wondrous feat safely to fly !
For no gain thou climb'st so high
Twixt the dark and dawn to sing ;
Heaven protect and bless thy wing !
Every good created thing
The Creator's praise should sing ;
And the lark proclaims His praise
In its modest joyful ways.
Listening thousands hear him tell :

THE QUEST

“Happy he who liveth well.”
 Cheerful bird with merry note,
 Splendid voice in sober coat,
 Chanting now in heaven’s court ;
 For in faith how skilled and taught !
 With such knowledge high and wide
 Friar’s hood thy head might hide.
 Chief director of the sky,
 Near the blessed land on high,
 Man thou certainly wilt charm
 When thou sing’st at noon-tide calm,
 Worshipping the Trinity
 With the gift heaven gave to thee.
 To the world thou dost declare,
 Not on bough, but through the air,
 Thou art surely held in space
 By some miracle of grace.

DAFYDD AB GWILYM.

(Translated from the 12th century Welsh Original by
 A. H. G. WILDE.)

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

A SUGGESTIVE ENQUIRY INTO THE HERMETIC MYSTERY.

With a Dissertation on the more Celebrated Alchemical Philosophers, being an Attempt towards the Recovery of the Ancient Experiment of Nature. A New Edition with an Introduction by Walter Leslie Wilmshurst. Also an Appendix containing the Memorabilia of Mary Anne Atwood. London (Watkins); pp. 597; 16s. net.

IT is somewhat remarkable that while astrology has taken on a new lease of life in these days of regalvanisation of—let us call them—ancient arts, its sister-craft alchemy has had little attention paid to it. The reason however is not far to seek. The method of astrology, whatever value we may assign to it, is quite open and the code of interpretation remains more or less unchanged as to its main features. Alchemy, on the contrary, has from the very beginning rejoiced in the most complicated and provoking devices of concealment. '*Camouflage*' is bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh. One gets the general idea that an alchemist would sooner commit suicide than set down a plain statement of fact. Why all this elaborate disguise, why all this parade of dealing with hidden mysteries and secrets beyond price? It is clear that the physical transmutation of the baser metals into gold cannot sufficiently account for the extravagant terms in which the better sort of the alchemists, who were in other respects men of worth, speak of their art. It is certain that modern chemistry largely arose out of the busy searching of ancient alchemy on its physical side; but how far the gross lure of gold-making alone sustained even the physical search in the earlier period would be difficult to determine. Whether transmutation was ever actually effected is still an open question apparently for critical students of the history of alchemy; theoretically, however, it is by no means so impossible a dream for the modern chemist as it was declared to be in the 'cock-sure' days of youthful science. But even if it was ever actually effected, and in spite of the tremendous power that gold wields over the desires of men, it can hardly be believed

that this physical secret was the chief mystery of the craft that was so jealously guarded. It must here be remembered that it was not only the gold-making craze but also the search for the elixir of life that fascinated multitudes in the later middle ages. It has thus for long been more than suspected by modern students of its history that alchemy in its higher ranges aimed at a science of the soul of things; it sought after the secret of life and tried to unveil the mysteries of the creative mind in nature. In brief it had a spiritual side, and also occupied itself with biological and psychological problems experimentally in its own fashion. If this be so, and there is much to confirm the view, then it is clear that though there has been no renascence of alchemy in its traditional symbolic modes and provoking disguises, as there has been a revival of astrology on traditional lines, there has been actually a very extensive modern interest in what are presumably some at least of the processes and powers of life and soul and mind that occupied the attention of these busy searchers into the secrets of nature and of man.

In 1850 there appeared a remarkable anonymous work on alchemy, entitled *A Suggestive Enquiry into the Hermetic Mystery*. It was remarkable, not only because it was, as it claimed to be, suggestive, and in general helpfully so, but also because it was the work of a young woman of some thirty years of age. Mary Ann South was the daughter of Thomas South, a gentleman of leisure and means, a scholar and recluse, who possessed a very valuable library of alchemical works and allied literature. Of these precious tomes he had long been an assiduous student. He educated his daughter and trained her so that she might first be his secretary and afterwards share in his labours. Mr. South was somewhat of a poet and in later years was engaged on writing a lengthy epic of alchemy. Mary was also fired with the ambition of composing a work in prose on the same theme. This she seems to have accomplished without any direct aid from her father, though there seems to be little doubt that he dominantly stood at the back of her inspiration. When, however, the book was published, Mr. South, who was now very strongly under the influence of evangelical ideas, began to have scruples, but whether on orthodox religious grounds pure and simple or on the ground that his daughter had broken away too far from the age-long conventions of alchemical tradition and said too much, is not quite clear. In any case his scruples increased and became apparently finally a panic; for he withdrew the book from the publisher and

endeavoured to buy up every copy in circulation on which he could lay his hands, paying as much as £10 for a copy. These were piled up on the lawn of his house at Gosport and burnt to ashes, together with the unpublished MS. of his epic. It is a romantic story; and there is no doubt about the bonfire, and that his daughter, who was fain to assent to the holocaust, was well-nigh heart-broken at the fiery fate of her precious offspring. The general legend about the book, and especially the rumour that the revelation of the long-hidden secret was to be found in it hardly at all disguised, made the few remaining copies eagerly sought after and change hands at fancy prices. There were, however, more of these copies left in circulation than Mrs. Atwood, as Miss South subsequently became on her marriage, seems to have believed, and the popular story of their withdrawal because of the fear of letting the great secret escape through lack of discretion, is somewhat discounted by apparently an equally authentic report which speaks of Mr. South's dissatisfaction with the volume on account of its immaturity. This, however, leaves us in doubt as to whether he incinerated his own MS. on a similar ground.

As to the book itself, in the first place no history or criticism of sources is attempted; the authoress is guided entirely by subjective canons of selection. Now-a-days, since the publication of the Byzantine Greek sources, the sifting of the Arabic and the criticism of the mediaeval and later, we are able to view many things in truer perspective and assign their values with surer discrimination. Nevertheless Mrs. Atwood had an intuitive *flair* that serves her well in unearthing a number of indications hidden in the chaos of alchemical '*camouflage*' that point to the general conclusion we have outlined above. In confirmation of the main intention of a more spiritual and philosophical side of alchemy she makes use of some of the better known documents of the religious and mystical philosophy of classical antiquity and the higher mystery-lore with its grand doctrine of regeneration or new birth. In this she seems almost entirely dependent on the works of Thomas Taylor, all of which were doubtless to be found in her father's library. For the Kabalah she was dependent entirely on Knorr von Rosenroth's five crabbed volumes and on Franck. She was also a student of Böhme. Mrs. Atwood would have it that all this varied mystical lore reflected the true alchemy. The classical part of her work is naturally sun-clear compared with the alchemical portion proper. Here the student of the many forms of the gnosis of antiquity can find his way with

comparative sureness and understanding, and from a knowledge of the many sources and subjects which have been so carefully scrutinized since the middle of last century, can observe at leisure the intuitive, selective or eclectic method Mrs. Atwood followed in dealing with these complex literary phenomena. She chose here and there the flowers that pleased her most, and from these selections made sweeping generalisations which we can no longer venture confidently to put forward without a number of safeguards and qualifications. Take, for instance, the Trismegistic literature proper, the genuine Hermetica. Mrs. Atwood is acquainted with Everard's faulty translation of the so-called *Pœmandres*, i.e. the oldest nucleus of tractates. Here we move for the most part in a clear atmosphere of high religious, philosophical and mystical endeavour; there is no disguise, no complex symbolism. What a gulf separates these genuine Hermetic documents from the later medleys of strange incomprehensibilities that claimed the name of Hermes for their patron, but differed so strongly from the straightforwardness of the Trismegistic gnosis. Take, for instance, one of the earliest links, the writings of Zosimus (4th century A.D.). Zosimus is an alchemist and shows the beginnings of the involved disguises of his art in his writings. But what is the burden of his message? It is ever to seek for salvation and true knowledge in the spiritual teaching of Pœmandres, and so become doused in the Divine Mind, baptized in the reality of the Spirit. The grandest passages he quotes are from the Trismegistic books. Here we naturally ask ourselves: Why, if this is the true and high teaching of the art, is there any necessity for all the involved disguise and complicated symbolism so dear to the typical alchemist? The root of the whole matter has been set forth plainly and simply by the Pœmandrists for all lovers of spiritual truth to read, mark and inwardly digest; why retangle it all up again in mystery? The only reason we are able to suggest is that there was another way of approach through the labyrinth of inner nature, one of danger and difficulty, involving experimenting with the powers of life and psychical existence. The safe and sound and sane spiritual method worked from within, from above downwards; the other method led through the hazardous paths of theurgy and allied practices. In India we know there are two main modes of practical *yoga*. In the higher, or more spiritual discipline, the control of the mind reacts on the psychical nature and on the vital currents, and brings about certain transmutations in the organism and developments of its functions. In the lower,

physical and semi-physical methods are adopted, such as the control of the breath and rhythmic chanting, and thereon certain changes in the vital *aura* and psychical modifications and developments supervene. Now it is somewhat remarkable that it is difficult to trace in the West any knowledge of this so highly developed breathing-method. We do, however, find in the so-called *Mithra-liturgy* certain breathing directions, and Zosimus distinctly avers that the secret of his art is among other things the Mithraic mystery. It is then permissible to hold that even if the special method of control of the breath was little known, the alchemical tradition occupied itself with theurgical, psychical and magical practices of various kinds, and hid its operations under elaborate disguises, and that these, more than any physical gold-making, were its main interest. This psychical or psycho-physical side would on the one hand march with physical transmutation, mediated by the living organism, and on the other at its highest development contact spiritual verities. Such a supposition would at any rate to some extent provide a plastic ground which could take on all the curious, strange and puzzling appearances which the works of alchemy present. It occupied itself chiefly with the endless protean transformations of what was called the 'one thing,' the ever-changing ground of appearance, the magical agent *par excellence*, the somewhat which was most difficult to tame and control. Hold it steady with spiritual will and one-pointed attention and it would reveal the truth of things and the naked methods of their operations.

There was also another potent psychological art which was beginning to attract serious attention and in which the Souths were deeply interested. Mesmerism and animal magnetism were passing through an intermediate stage of development prior to their being overborne and superficially transformed by the methods and theories of hypnotism and suggestion. Du Potet, Puységur and Cahaignet had experimented industriously with the phenomena of the mesmeric trance, such as 'lucidity,' as well as on the therapeutic side, which was developed greatly by others in this country, as the pages of *The Zoist* testify. Miss South, who wrote an essay on the subject, was persuaded that all this was not a new discovery, but that it had been well known to the ancients, though kept profoundly secret. She therefore believed that the new experiments could be made to yield one of the keys to unlock some of the alchemical puzzles. And indeed, if one does not misunderstand her pointed allusions to 'two' being required to

work together in the art, and references to certain 'manipulations,' it would seem that she not only held that certain psychical capacities could be developed or reinforced by 'mesmeric passes,' but that she had had personal experience of this in her own experiments. All this, it must be confessed, is set forth in veiled and reserved diction; but it is plainly in the opinion of the authoress by no means the least suggestive element in her enquiry.

All things considered, it must be admitted that the reprint before us is justified. The work is remarkable, and not the least so for the way in which Miss South so sensitively responds to and adopts the thought and diction of her chief authorities. Throughout her aim is high and noble, but her sense of the lofty end towards which the spiritual side of her art is directed often carries her further than some of the various subject-matters of which she treats and the sources she uses legitimately warrant when more critically scrutinized.

THE ELEMENTS OF THEOLOGY BY PROCLUS.

'Divine Arithmetic': A Subject long since Forgotten. A Translation by A. C. Ionides. London (Published by the Translator, 84, Porchester Terrace, W.); pp. 130; 15s. 6d. net.

THE Στοιχείωσις Θεολογική ('Elementary Treatise on Theology'—lit. 'Theological Elementary Treatise') by Proklos, the most distinguished of the Successors who sat in the *cathedra* or chair of the tradition of the famous Academy, is considered by many to be his masterpiece. Nevertheless this important work has received but little attention and none during the last hundred years. There is a Latin version, but none into a modern tongue except that of Thomas Taylor (appended to his *Six Books of Proclus . . . on the Theology of Plato*, London, 1816, pp. 300-441). But, like all of Taylor's work, valuable as it was at the time, it now requires considerable revision to bring it up to modern standards.

Mr. Ionides has for upwards of twenty years been enamoured of these 210 religio-philosophical propositions of Proclus, and, as he says (p. 125), in order to translate them, extended his "primitive knowledge of modern Greek to Greek of an earlier period." In the present volume Mr. Ionides presents us with the results of his labour of love, but without Introduction and with only a very occasional and brief foot-note. He has split up the text into sentences which he has numbered to represent schematically the

logical steps of the argument, with the free use of italics to stress it, supplied marginal headings for each of the sections or propositions, and further divided the subject-matter of each section by rows of asterisks. At the end (pp. 127-130) he has added a brief glossary. We are therefore practically concerned simply with a version. In the first place, therefore, we ask ourselves whether this version is superior to Thomas Taylor's? It is with great regret, and with every sympathy for Mr. Ionides' painstaking and enthusiastic effort, that we find ourselves compelled to withhold a favourable judgment. Taylor's translation is mostly preferable, and it is strange that Mr. Ionides does not refer to it. Both, however, fail to bring out the original clarity of thought. In exemplification, instead of picking out passages, the simplest thing will be to reproduce the first two sections of the new version, and then a literal translation from the best text procurable, faulty as it is. This is to be found in Part III. of Creuzer's edition of the works of Proclus (*Francofurti ad Moenum*, 1822). Creuzer appends to his text of the *Institutio Theologica* a Latin version, an emended and completed edition of the first Latin translation by Æmilius Portus. We are fortunate in possessing a copy of Creuzer's work which is not to be found in the British Museum. Though modern critical texts of some of the other works of Proclus have been recently published, the text of the *Elements of Theology* has been neglected since the edition of Creuzer. Mr. Ionides translates from the *editio princeps* of the Franciscan Æmilius Portus published at Hamburg in 1618 in folio. This very poor text was used by Taylor. It is now rare and carefully guarded at the British Museum. Mr. Ionides is therefore to be congratulated on picking up a copy of it at a little bookstall in High Holborn, in 1895, for the ridiculous sum of 6s., but not on his use of it as a text.

Mr. Ionides' Version.

I.

1. *Every plurality in some manner participates of unity itself.*
2. For if it participated not at all, neither would the whole—nor each of the many that constitute that plurality be one. And there would be some plurality outside it; and so forth to infinity. And each infinity would again constitute an infinite plurality.

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3. No thing would, by any means, participate of one, neither as regards its whole self, nor in respect to each within it. The infinite would be throughout all, everywhere.

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4. But each of the many, whichever way it be taken, must be either one or not one, either many or nothing.
5. But if each be nothing the sum thereof is nothing; and if many, each consists of an infinity of infinities.

* * *

6. This, however, is impossible. No thing in being is constituted one of an infinity of infinities.
7. No thing is greater than the infinite, for that which is constituted one of all is greater than each; nor is it possible to constitute anything out of nothing.
8. Therefore all, in some manner, participate Oneness.

II.

1. *All that participates Oneness, is both one and not One.*
2. If it be not Oneness itself, it must participate thereof; if it be anything other than Oneness, it has experienced Oneness in proportion to its participation thereof, and *persists so as to become One.*
3. If it be nothing but Oneness itself, it alone is One, and does not participate Oneness, but must be Oneness itself.
4. But if it be anything but that, which is not One, it participates Oneness, it is both one and not One, NOT Oneness itself, but one, as participating Oneness.

* * *

5. This latter therefore is not one, nor that which is One.
6. But participating Oneness is one, and is not One *per se*; inasmuch as it is something besides Oneness.
7. That whereby it is multiplied is not One, but that whereto it is subject is one.
8. Therefore all that participates Oneness, is both one and not One.

The Reviewer's Attempt.

1. Every plurality shares somehow in unity. For if it nohow shared [in it], neither will the whole [of it] be one, nor [will] each of the many of which the plurality [consists be one], but each of the latter will be a plurality, and this to infinity, and each of these infinites will again be an infinite plurality. For if [plurality] shares nohow in any unity, neither in respect to itself as a whole, nor in respect to each of the [many] in it, it will be in every way and in respect to all [of it] infinite.

For each of the many, whichever you take, will be either one or not one, either many or nothing. But if on the one hand each is nothing, their resultant is also nothing ; if on the other it is many, each is of infinitely repeated infinites.

But this is impossible. For neither from infinitely repeated infinites is any existent—seeing that there is not a more than the infinite, and the resultant of all [of the many] is more than each—nor can anything be composed out of nothingness. Therefore every plurality shares somehow in unity.

2. Everything that shares in unity is both one and not one. For if by hypothesis it is not unity itself (for it shares in unity [precisely] by being something other than unity), it is affected by unity in the relation of sharing, and endures [or keeps on] becoming one. If, however, it is nothing but unity, it is one and only one, and will not share in unity, but will be unity itself. But if there be something besides unity which is not one, [namely] that which shares in unity, it is both not one and one, being not identical with one in as much as it [only] shares in unity.

The latter then is not one nor identical with one. Yet being one by the fact of its sharing in unity, and therefore not subsisting as one in itself, it is one and not one as existing as something other than unity. It is not one by its plurality; it is one by its being affected [by unity]. Everything therefore that shares in unity is both one and not one.

THE ORGANISATION OF THOUGHT.

Educational and Scientific. By A. N. Whitehead, Sc.D., F.R.S.
London (Williams & Norgate); pp. 228; 6s. net.

THE first five chapters from the pen of this distinguished mathematician and thinker are concerned with education; the last three with certain points in the philosophy of science. There is, however, a common line of reflection running through the whole and the two sections into which the book falls mutually influence one another. If we were not able to see any other bond of connection we might be tempted to conjecture that it had some reference to the question: What kind of an educational discipline is it which would enable those who had undergone it to move easily and confidently in the regions of thought to which the second section belongs? For this latter section deals with some developments of philosophy which have been inaugurated by mathematicians. Before this new movement mathematics had been, philosophically speaking, in a somewhat sorry plight. Although it was generally recognised that in mathematics we somehow come by true knowledge, yet, as Russell says, no two persons were agreed what it was that was true and nobody knew what it was that was known. And as no satisfactory resolution of these doubts and difficulties was forthcoming from the side of philosophy it was up to mathematics to undertake itself the enquiry touching its own meaning and significance. We have in this second section an exposition and survey of some of the results which have been achieved by mathematicians in their analysis of such fundamental conceptions as number, quantity, space, and likewise such fundamental questions as the nature of logical thought. Prof. Whitehead himself has played so prominent a part in these developments that those who possess the necessary mathematical equipment will read the last three chapters with profound interest. Those, on the other hand, who do not possess it will, we fear, largely fail to understand them.

But while the second section will fall within the range of a comparatively narrow circle of readers—seeing that a willing spirit will not alone suffice for its comprehension—the first section will make quite a general appeal. For those of us who have not the good or ill fortune to be teachers ourselves, have at least suffered or, perhaps, profited at the hands of teachers. Moreover

we are all deeply concerned about education now-a-days. We have all come to recognise that it is high time that much of the old creaking, cumbrous machinery of contemporary education should be ruthlessly scrapped. It is not producing the goods which we need and it is directly responsible for many of the ills for which we must absolutely find relief. Anybody who has had an opportunity of converse with thoughtful teachers will well know the fiery discontent with which it fills them. And he will appreciate the scathing comments which Prof. Whitehead occasionally makes upon our educational misdemeanours.

Prof. Whitehead, as is natural, deals primarily with education from the standpoint of the mathematician. He discusses the proper methods of teaching mathematics and its place and function in an educational curriculum. His treatment of these questions is simple, lucid and masterly; and provides a notable illustration of that clean grip of a subject which is not the least of the advantages of mathematical discipline. Moreover it is not only relieved by flashes of humour, but also illumined by reflections which show an intimate acquaintance with the whole current of the intellectual development of mankind. What wisdom there is, for instance, in such a pair of sentences as the following: "Every intellectual revolution which has ever stirred humanity into greatness has been a passionate protest against inert ideas. Then, alas, with pathetic ignorance of human psychology, it has proceeded by some educational scheme to bind humanity afresh with inert ideas of its own fashioning." Was it not Carlyle who told us that as soon as a social movement has become fully organised it is time to root it up and start afresh?

But though, as we have said, Prof. Whitehead deals primarily with education from the standpoint of the mathematician he does not ignore its larger aspects, he is not blind to the purposes which it must fulfil in modern society. He is as explicit on this point as are the Allies, for example, with regard to their objects in the present war. Indeed there is a curious resemblance between the aims of the Allies as stated by such a master of clear diction as Mr. Asquith and the ideals of education as enunciated by the author. Mr. Asquith, if we remember rightly, declared that those aims were to assure to every nation, great or small, the opportunity to live its own life, to obey its own innate genius, to work out its own salvation. And these are the things which Prof. Whitehead wants for the individual. Education must not thwart, impede, subdue him. It must help him in every possible manner to the

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realisation of all the powers that he possesses. "Our forefathers in the dark ages saved themselves by embodying high ideals in great organisations," he says. "It is our task, without servile imitation, boldly to exercise our creative activities, remembering amid discouragements that the coldest hour immediately precedes the dawn."

J. T. W.

LIBERAL JUDAISM AND HELLENISM.

And Other Essays. By Claude G. Montefiore. London (Macmillan); pp. 328; 6s. net.

THESE six thoughtful, instructive and courageous essays are practically a course of lectures that were to have been delivered in the U.S.A., but had to be abandoned owing to the War. Mr. Montefiore is one of the most distinguished leaders of Liberal Judaism, that is of the progressive movement in Jewry which is seeking, by means of an enlightened criticism and reform, to rescue Judaism from the confines of a narrow particularism, preserve its vital and universal values and adapt it to present-day needs and requirements. It stands for modernism in Jewry, for development and progress in sympathetic co-operation with what is best in modern thought and aspiration in science, philosophy and religion. The six essays deal most faithfully and straightforwardly with a host of thorny subjects in a fine spirit of honesty and sympathetic appreciation of contrary points of view. They are ranged under headings shewing the general standpoint of the new movement in relation first to the Old Testament, the New Testament and Rabbinical Literature, and then to Hellenism, as the mother of the science and philosophy of the West, to Democracy and to the Future. We regret exceedingly that lack of space prevents our noticing this arresting volume at length, for its appeal goes far beyond the Jewish community and should win the sympathetic consideration of all lovers of high religion and noble attempts at human betterment. Liberal Judaism has great hopes of the future; Mr. Montefiore is fully persuaded that much in the best thought and endeavour of progressive Christianity is rapidly approaching the position that Liberal Judaism has taken up, that it is moving ever more and more towards the simple theism of a developing prophetic religion based on the firm foundation of spiritually determined morals and an enlightened reasonableness. The danger to be avoided is the tendency to falling into the coldness of a rationalistic unitarianism. Propheti-

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cal Judaism at its best guards against this danger and provides a sane and sound emotional basis. There is no doubt as to the warmth of conviction and heartfelt enthusiasm of Mr. Montefiore himself; it radiates from every page. Nevertheless we could have wished that he had added another essay and told us what is the relation between Liberal Judaism and the mystical element in religion. We are personally convinced that without this element being fully allowed for and reasonably blended with the other elements, no religion can have a genuinely universal appeal to mankind. This seems to be the weak point in an exposition that is otherwise a remarkable, instructive and valuable deliverance.

MESSAGES FROM MESLOM.

Through Lawrence. Parts I. and II. London (Elliot Stock): pp. 78 and 102; 1s. net, each.

THERE is nothing to show how these 'messages' were obtained, no word of introduction, nothing to help the reader who is not familiar with spiritistic matters. Automatic writing is presumably the means, and takes the form of communications from a son, working out his purification in the hereafter and beginning to explore the novel conditions of his *post-mortem* environment, to a dearly loved and spiritually minded mother on earth. The son describes his adventures and hands on what information he is picking up about his new conditions, and declares that psychical contact with his mother's pure atmosphere is of the greatest assistance to him in his endeavour to atone for his shortcomings in the past. The general idea is that: "There is a vast crowd of mortals who have moments of exalted virtue and sincere desire to do right, who through weakness fall victims to the varied temptations of life. These suffer periods of purification which are bitter and full of remorse and horror, for they realise that it is entirely through their own weakness that they have failed to follow the good they frequently glimpsed, and in this pure and radiant light they see their own lives. They are permitted periods of repose and joy which refresh and comfort them because they know the truth, and they themselves will return to the expiation work which they consciously undertake, as they see that this is their only expiation." Meslom is the father-confessor of the penitent; he is a grade or so higher up on the purgatorial ladder. We cannot say, however, we are as much impressed with his utterances as Lawrence seems to be.

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ONE THING I KNOW.

Or the Power of the Unseen. By E. M. S. With Preface by J. Arthur Hill. London (Watkins); pp. 146; 3s. 6d. net.

THIS is a straightforward, unvarnished account of a remarkable case of psychical healing, based on entries in a diary. For fifteen years Miss E. M. S. was apparently hopelessly bed-ridden; she could not sit up even for two minutes without experiencing utter collapse for months. Many physicians had attended her; every sort of cure had been attempted, including hypnotic suggestion. From this helpless state Miss S. was in eighteen months restored to complete health and strength by the ministrations of two nurses, both of whom were psychics, under the direction of a masterful psychical personality who claimed to have been a medical man when on earth. The case is of importance for students, owing to the ample testimony as to the *bona fides* of all concerned. Miss S. is a lady of high character and cultivated mind, a good observer and a reasonable critic. To all of this Lady Lush, Dr. Eugene Stock and Canon Storr bear witness from intimate knowledge. But it is her family physician, who had the case under observation all the time, who is constrained to become the most important witness. He is compelled to admit the facts fully, and that too though he is utterly sceptical as to the existence of any doctor in the unseen. The malady which neither he nor his medical *confrères* could do anything to alleviate for fifteen years, and which was diagnosed as organic, he now declares to be functional, and ascribes the cure to the devoted care of the two nurses and their massage, and above all to their suggestive influence on the patient and the patient's own belief that the psychical dissociation of one of the nurse's personalities was an independent unseen entity. This academic theory, it must be confessed, reads very thin coming after the vivid details of the recital. Anyway, as Miss S. says, one thing is certain, she is cured; and that ungainsayable fact appears to herself and those who knew her best during her long years of suffering well nigh miraculous. Psychiatrists consider it their bounden duty to integrate dissociated personalities as speedily as possible; but here we have a 'dissociated personality' proving itself a more competent physician than a score of the 'integrated' members of the orthodox profession!

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

A Sequence of Spirit-Messages describing Death and the After-World. Selected from Published and Unpublished Automatic Writings, 1874-1918. Edited by Harold Bailey. With an Introduction by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. London (Cassell); pp. 270; 6s. net.

FEW outside the ranks of professed students can be expected to have the leisure or opportunity to peruse in detail the mass of automatic writings which the literature of modern spiritism is so rapidly accumulating. The present 'anthology' selected from some score volumes and an interesting unpublished source by Mr. Harold Bailey is therefore a very useful undertaking. Its purport is to show that the angry and arrogant criticism which summarily dismisses the whole of this class of writing as 'nauseating drivel,' is the pronouncement of sheer ignorance. This is amply apparent on many a page of the excerpts from the books Mr. Bailey has selected; and another score could easily have been added of as considerable, if not of more considerable, volumes. The excerpts are gathered together under general headings and thus conveniently show a certain congruence and family likeness, if not consistency, in the pronouncements gathered from such various sources. The perusal of the volume can hardly fail to convince any open-minded reader that there is here ample evidence that a great psychological problem lies before him which no *ex cathedra* pronouncements, either from the side of dogmatic religion or on the part of dogmatic science, are competent to solve. Protracted, patient and impartial investigation alone can throw any light on the matter. Hasty judgments are useless. In mist and obscurity it well may be for the myopic, feebly it may be for the hard of hearing, nevertheless there in some fashion stands the exiled soul of man knocking for entrance once more into the consciousness of the every-day life of an incredulous world. We may add that the printing, paper, binding and general get-up of the volume are specially creditable to the publishers in these beggarly war-days.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS HERE AND BEYOND.

By a Hospital Nurse. With a Foreword by the Rev. Arthur Chambers. London (Bell); pp. 174; 2s. net.

THIS is a straightforward and simple account of the many psychical experiences of a hospital nurse who from the early age

of twelve found herself possessed of remarkable powers of super-normal lucidity. She thus became conscious of help rendered to the sick, the dying and the deceased in many ways by kindly dwellers in superphysical realms of existence, who for her were as real as or even more real than the physically embodied. These entities, whom she calls angels, all purported to be excarnate humans. The contents of her narrative are of a generally similar nature to those of what is now a very extensive literature, embodying a vast amount of psychical testimony as to what invariably claims to be the more immediate condition of the hereafter. Continual dropping wears away a stone; and, provided one keeps on reading the reports, the dropping is continuous enough and one-pointed enough eventually to break down the resistance of even the most obstinate prejudice which seeks to ascribe it all solely to the play of self-initiated and self-determined phantasy. Once that hard-headed and stony-hearted resistance is broken down, a more sympathetic interpretation of these indubitable psychical facts is called for.

THE WAY OF THE SERVANT.

London (Watkins); pp. 83; 2s. net.

"WITHIN Silence, there is Sound, and within that Sound a Voice that speaks." This little manual sets forth counsels of perfection that are mystically excellent, in the form of fourteen 'Directions' for right behaviour in thought, word and deed for a striver on the path of self-conquest. They are sometimes reminiscent of certain features of the well-known expositions of the mystic way which treat of 'light on the path' and 'the voice of the silence,' but in general they strike their own distinctive note. A certain lilt of phrasing reminds us also of a similar feature in the interesting automatic script published in our July number for 1912, under the title 'Three Minds and ——?'

ERRATUM: In the last number the Bengali Original of 'The Song of the Divine Flame' should have been credited to Mr. Tapanmohan Chatterji himself and not to Sir Rabindranath Tagore. The copy came from Shantiniketan with the simple legend 'Translated from the Bengali Original,' as has been the case with several similar pieces by Sir Rabindranath.—ED.

Women's Printing Society, Ltd., Brick Street, Piccadilly, W. 1.



